THE

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WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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ADELBERT.

"Ah me! for ought that I could ever read
"In tale, or ballad, or in history,
"The course of true love never did run smooth!"

SHAKESPEARE.

In one of its wildest scenes I discovered the cave of a hermit. I entered with reverence and respect; though I saw no one, there was evident marks that the cell was inhabited. Several necessary utensils were dispersed around the walls. On the table was a bible, and several of the best English poets. The Ministrel of Dr. Beattie was open in that beautiful speech, beginning at the tenth stanza of the second book—"Hail! awful scenes, that calm the troubled soul."—In manuscript (something resembling a lawhand) was the following tale, which curiosity compelled me to transcribe with my pencil.

The morning dew rests not on a flower so fragrant or so fair, but lacks something of perfection; nor in the field grows there an herb so despicable, but partaketh some good; every joy is mingled with its grief; and every grief may expect its comfort. There is nothing under the sun but partakes of instability. The coldest winter passeth away, and the sweetest spring endureth not for ever. O ye to whom youth holds out a thousand pleasures, remember that the winter cometh. I once, like you, was young and happy; and the day may come when you, like me, may be old and wretched. But, youth, exult not in joy; nor in sorrow let age be sad; sorrow is seldom without hope. Attend to the tale of woe; and let those who look forward to joy, relax their hope; and those alleviate their despair, who look backward on sorrow; for in wisdom are all things ordained.

My name is Adelbert; and the day has been, when the sun shone not on a happier head; nor did a lighter heart dwell in the village of Arden. Without trouble passed the day, and the night was replete with rest. One only child was the blessing of my life. In Florio was every virtue. The experience of my age was the scource of his instruction; and his innocent sallies of youth were the comfort of my declining years. At early morn together did we walk the fields when the dew hung cobwebs glittered on the hedge: and at evening, across the meadows, we beheld the sun-gilt spire of the village; but at evening, or morning, all was sweetness and serenity. Every day was brightened with joy, and every joy was sanctioned with innocence. I taught him every art that ennobles the man, & every science that adorns the scholar. His ear was

not insensible to music; nor was his hand a stranger to awakening its harmonious sound. I taught him to admire the works of Nature, and Nature taught him to adore his God. Each day was made up of happy hours, and each year of happy days. But nothing under heaven is lasting; the richest fruit is most subject to decay; and the sweetest happiness is surely the most transitory. Do not clouds hang on the morning sun-beam? And is not the richest rainbow of the evening succeeded by a shower?

Florio loved. Long had the silent flame been spreading in his heart; and by its silence it waxed strong. The person of Amanda was composed of every grace; and her lovely countenance bespoke her exalted mind. Her address was all gentleness, and her heart all goodness. But (like poor Edwin) "an honest heart was almost all her stock."

O, ye parents, that have children, trifle not with their hearts; strive not to eradicate a generous and long-rooted love; be not misled by interest or ambition. Observe the tale of Adelbert.

O ye children, that have parents, beware, in time, of your hearts; nor silently feed a flame your parents may disapprove. Ye little know the conflict when love and duty contend. Observe the tale of Adelbert.

Blinded with the fondness of a parent, and dazzled with ambition for my son, I forgot that a cottage was preferable to a court. I spurned the delights of the village, and bade him pant for the robe of power. The beauteous Amanda, once my admiration, became now the object of my scorn. I insulted her parents, and unjustly accused them of alluring my son. I formed the detested resolution of severing the hearts that heaven itself had united.

Happy for man that God observes his ways; and happier still that he deigns to correct them. But man reviles the rebuke of Providence. Submit, O man, to the will of heaven; question not the ways of the Almighty they are mysterious, and unsearchable thy weak eye is unable to penetrate the cloud of mystery that surrounds thee. That which thou thinkest good, is oft thy greatest evil; and out of seeming misfortunes joys often flow.

Oh, pardon, the prolixity of age.—The study of Nature has reformed my heart, and made me acquainted with its God. When my bosom glows with the conviction of the goodness of heaven, I long to utter it: but words cannot contain my sensations. The smallest flower that blows beneath the woods, the smallest insect that dances in the evening sun-beam, will improve and elevate the soul, more than all the schoolmen's thousand volumes of sophistry. The study of man occasioned my sorrows, and taught me to mourn —but the study of Nature awakens my joy, and teaches me a solace to my woes.

My son struggled long between love and duty. He tried to adhere to both: but to adhere to one was to forfeit the other. Let the generous forgive him, when I say, that his duty failed; and before the cold and unfeeling heart censures him, let his intrepid resolution be considered. From my soul do I forgive him. Unable to relinquish his love, or adhere to his duty, he resolved to fly from both; in hopes that at some future day he might return, and find them happily blended together. He gave me to understand, that he was going on a visit for a few days; but in the mean time neither hearing from him, nor at last finding him return, I became seriously alarmed. In the hour of distress, my suspicion fell on the parents of Amanda: but how great was my surprize, on application, to find them in equal distress for the loss of a daughter! I concluded that Florio and she must have eloped together; but I was mistaken. For I have since learned that she did not disappear till sometime after his departure. And I have been informed, that her parents have since had a letter from her, acquainting them, that having assumed the disguise of a young man, she was pressed, and hurried on board a ship, about to sail she

knew not whither. As the vigilance of the guards prevented her writing, she could add nothing more, than her fervent entreaty for their pardon, as it was likely she might never return.

Thus has my ambition destroyed the peace of a respected and worthy family, and been the ruin of my own. The heart, the education, and the person of Amanda, was such that no man of sense could know without loving, think on without esteeming, or behold without admiring. The fortune I should have left to Florio was, though small, far from being despicable; it was sufficient, with economy, to make them at once happy and respectable; our retirement had all the sweets of elegant simplicity, and the dwelling the conveniences of rural elegance. At this once happy seat, I sometime continued to reside.—But every outward object reminded me of my son; and awakened within, a chain of unhappy reflections. No more did music delight the ear of Adelbert; nor could his heart participate the joys of the village. I committed my affairs to the care of a trusty friend, and departed, under pretence of seeking my son. But as I knew the futility of the search, I resolved not to pursue it. I fled to this recess, and have long lived in solitude; and though I may be forgotten by the world, the sorrows I have brought on some of its happiest inhabitants, will forever rend the memory of Adelbert.

O ye into whose hands this tale may fall, remember that it was written by the pen of grief. 'Tis for the peaceful mind alone to paint the pathetic page of sorrow, and turn the polished period of woe: the painful heart can severely feel, but seldom tell, the rending pangs of affliction. Whoever thou art, beware of blind ambition; think on the sorrows of Adelbert.

At night, when the distant forest roars to the blast, and the bird of death screams to the howling storm, I trim my little fire, open the book of consolation, and call upon Him, who in trouble will deliver me. During the intervals of grief, have I written this tale; not without hope that it may sometime be made known to my son. If he is a man, he will forgive me—will pity me—nor suffer one curse to fall on my grave. My despair is alleviated by the thought, that while he is virtuous, he will still have a friend—and a Father more kind than Adelbert. To that Father do I daily pray for his protection—and may he sometime be happy in the smiles of his Amanda; when his wretched father is gone to his last refuge, "*where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*"

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

Mr. Editor,

It is with peculiar pleasure and gratification, that I have perused the "*Original Tale Immolin,*" to which a portion of your paper has been devoted for a few weeks past. I have read it attentively, because it interested me, with the vivacity and sprightliness of the descriptions, with which it abounds, the force and elegance of the expressions, and the neatness and perspicuity of the style.—My curiosity was much excited to learn the Author of this meritorious production, and I was no less surprised than gratified, to see the name of the favourite "Ella" attached to it, at the conclusion.

I think I pronounce the opinion of the public in general, when I say, that the effusions of this fair correspondent of yours, whether in poetry or prose, have always been received with approbation and delight. It is not my wish to flatter—I only mean to render a merited compliment to one, whose talents and exertions, have contributed so much to the value of your paper, as well as to the entertainment and instruction of its readers. B.

Enthusiasm, may be supposed to consist in the mind's being carried out of the common track, into notions or imaginations, which are not easily explicable to common reason and experience, or to be judged of by any outward rule.

NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, *surgeon on board the Northumberland.*

(Continued.)

HE acknowledged that Napoleon had consulted him as to the probable magnanimity of the English government, on the measure then in contemplation; but in this instance, he said, "I refused the opinion which he requested of me. It was not from any pre-conceived opinion to the prejudice of the English nation, no,—far from it, that I hesitated for once to obey him. But I could not allow myself to become his counsellor in such a critical moment, and on a matter of so much importance to the comfort of his future life and the honour of his name. I was not afraid of any personal injury being offered to him; of that I entertained not the shadow of an apprehension: but I thought it not impossible that his liberty might be endangered, as indeed it was, by the resolution of that hour. I was so agitated by my hopes and my fears in alternate succession, that I could only beg of him to accept my loyal and faithful assurance that I would wait upon his fortunes whatever they might be: but it was for him alone to shape the way to them Nor can I express," he added, 'how much I rejoice at my persevering resolution; for had any opinion of mine been accessary, in the slightest degree, to the situation in which I now behold my emperor, I should never again enjoyed a peaceful moment.' The terms in which he expressed his thoughts, and the tones which animated them, proved the state of his feelings. There was a kind of soldier like resolution in his manner; but I could perceive that sorrow was in his heart: and firm as I am in my loyalty as an Englishman, and proud as I am, and as every man, born in our glorious island ought to be, of that distinguished name, and though his enthusiasm betrayed him into sentiments and opinions, in which I could not, by any means, acquiesce, I do not hesitate to acknowledge my disposition to admire the emotions of this faithful Frenchman.

Madame Bertrand's complaints were different in their character as well as language from those of the count her husband: her air and manner were sometimes even accompanied with a gleam of distraction.—'What can yon think,' she once said to me, 'of my situation? does it not appear to you to be most lamentable; and where are expressions to be found that can suit the description of it to the poignancy of my feeling? What a change for a woman, who had held a high rank in the gayest and most splendid court in Europe; where her consequence was such that thousands sought her smiles and were proud to bask in them.—The wife of count Bertrand, grand marshal of the palace of the emperor of France is now destined with her three children, to accompany an exiled husband to an insulated rock, where the pride of station, the pomp of life, and the song of pleasure, will be exchanged for a scene of captivity: and such, with all its promised attentions and indulgencies, it must appear to us, surrounded as it is, by the barrier of a boundless ocean'

She was curious to know what the people of England thought of her husband: when I told her that, as far as I could judge, they entertained an higher opinion of him than of any marshal of France, and that his faithful attachment to Napoleon had a romantic air which was not without its admirers in England. It was, indeed, in consequence of that determined feeling, in opposition to what might be supposed to be his real interest, and the earnest entreaties of his family, that madame Bertrand had well nigh completed an act of suicide. The agonizing attempt to throw herself from the Bellerophon into the sea took place, it seems, in the evening of the day when Napoleon was informed of his future allotment, and, probably, at the moment when the afflicting communication was first made to her.

The little Bertrands are interesting children: the youngest is between three and four years old; the eldest is a native of Trieste, and was born when his father was governor of the Illyrian provinces: the second is a girl of an animated disposition, that betrays occasional symptoms of violence. The military character appears to have almost exclusively seized on the infant minds of these sprightly urchins: from morning 'till night they are employed in fencing, marching, charging on a half canter, in imitation of cavalry, &c. &c. in which the girl joins with a true Amazonian spirit, under the direction of a little French boy, who, I presume, was born in a camp.

When I accidently mentioned to madame Bertrand, that it had been generally supposed she intended to have remained in England, for the education of her children, she, with a kind of wild, but interesting expression of countenance, not unusual with her, vehemently exclaimed, 'What, sir, leave my husband at such a moment! that is a degree of heroism which my heart disavows: though in a year perhaps, I may be induced to return.' And on my suggesting that a favorable opportunity would be offered on board the Northumberland, she

appeared to acquiesce in the probability of such an event.

Neither count or madame Montholon can speak English: he is a handsome little man, and she a very elegant woman; they have one common comfort, and they seem to think it so, in a charming little boy: you must perceive, that I am by degrees, though rather in an irregular manner, making you acquainted with the whole of our curious party: but you must be sensible that it is the best mode which I can employ.

Bonaparte, previous to his leaving the Bellerophon, was, it seems, recommended to select three of his suite to accompany him to St. Helena. Bertrand was, at that time, supposed to be particularly proscribed; but it is understood, that lord Keith took upon himself the responsibility of including such an attached friend in the number of the exiled generals attendants. The others were the count de las Cases, who had been a captain in the French navy, and is a man of literary attainments: general count Montholon, and lieutenant general Gourgond, his two aides-de-camp, who were devoted to his fortunes. The latter officers served him in the Russian campaign, and describe the winter which they encountered there in all its horrors. The Russian cavalry they extol: but represent the Cossacks as easily dispersed. They do not appear to hold the Prussians in very high estimation, but consider them, at the same time, as superior to the Austrians. The English infantry, at the battle of Waterloo, filled them with absolute astonishment: but they represent our cavalry as much too impetuous: they probably found them so on that glorious day.

In a conversation with count Bertrand, which happened to glance on that subject, he could not hide his sensations. The little he said, was in a plaintive tone, though expressed with candor, and accompanied with expressive shrugs of lamentation. 'We fought thay day,' he said, 'for the crown of France: but you gained the battle, and we are undone.' I asked him whether he had read marshal Ney's letter to the duke of Otranto, in defence of his conduct on the bloody field. That publication, it appeared, he had not seen; and when I informed him in what manner the marshal had censured his master's conduct, and that, in the public opinion, he was thought to have cleared himself from the imputation of erroneous conduct:—'Well, well,' he replied, 'Had I been in the command of marshal Ney's division, I might, perhaps, have done worse: but, as I was, I saw *much to blame*;' but, in comparing Bonaparte with Ney, he cast his eyes upwards to the heavens, and suddenly lowering them to the earth, he exclaimed, with a very significant action—'Indeed, indeed, the difference is equally great.'

From the information I received in my conversation with our French guests, it appears that the emperor's abdication in favor of his son, is a matter, which, as far at least as my knowledge extends, has been altogether misconceived in England: I mean as referring to the immediate and approximate causes of it. If the communications made to me were correct, and I am not willing to imagine that they were invented merely to impose upon me, a grand political scheme was contrived by Fouche to out-wit his master, and it proved successful. The name of that crafty politician and ready revolutionist is never mentioned by the members of our little cabin Utica without the accompaniment of execrations, which it is not necessary for you to hear, as it would be ridiculous for me to repeat. Not Talleyrand himself is so loaded with them as the arch-betrayer, who has just been mentioned. It was, indeed, a decided opinion of the moment, among our exiles, that Fouche would contrive to hang Talleyrand: or that the latter would provide an equal fate for the former: and that if they both were suspended from the same gibbet, it ought to be preserved as an object of public respect for the service it had done to mankind, by punishing and exposing two as consummate offenders as ever disgraced the social world. The Historiette to which I have alluded, was thus related.

On Napoleon's return to Paris, after his disastrous defeat at Waterloo, and when he may be supposed to have been agitated by doubt and perplexity, as to the conduct he should pursue in that extraordinary crisis: a letter was offered to his attention by the duke of Otranto, as having been received by the latter from prince Metternich the Austrian minister. It was dated in the *preceding April*, and the diplomatic writer stated the decided object of his imperial master, to be the final expulsion of Napoleon the First from the throne of France; and that the French nation should be left to their uninterrupted decision, whether they would have a monarchy under Napoleon the Second, or adopt a republican form of government. Austria professed to have no right, and consequently felt no intention to dictate to the French nation. The final and ratified expulsion of the traitor, (such was the expression) is all the Austrian emperor demands of France.

Napoleon seized the bait, and immediately abdicated in favour of his son: but he had no sooner taken this step, than he discovered the double game that Fouche was playing. The letter was a forgery, and it

soon appeared that the emperor of Austria had it not in his power, if he had ever indulged the contemplation, to clothe his grandson with political character.

After he quitted Paris, the ex-emperor and his suite pursued an uninterrupted progress to the sea-coast, and it is their opinion that they might have continued in an inactive state, and without any reasonable apprehension of disturbance, for a much longer time than Bonaparte's impatience would allow, in the vicinity of Rochfort.

—On his first arrival among us, he occasionally expressed a wish to be informed of the contents of the English newspapers; but as it could not be a pleasant circumstance to him, to be made acquainted with the manner in which his character, conduct and circumstances were necessarily treated and observed upon by our journals, there was a delicacy maintained in the avoiding a communication of their contents. That truth is not to be spoken, or in any way imparted, at all times, is a proverb which was now faithfully adhered to on board the Northumberland. The count de las Cases had indeed offered to qualify his general in the course of a month, to read an English newspaper, with the requisite intelligence of the language; an undertaking which it is not very probable he would have been able to accomplish; but he could not induce his master to become his scholar: for the matter was cut short by the following reply.—'I well know that you think me a clever fellow: but be that as it may—I cannot do every think; and among those things which I should find impracticable, is the making myself master of the English language, in a few weeks.'

—Here I shall conclude my first letter: or, as it may prove, the first division of my epistolary narrative; at all events, it will be ready for the first opportunity which occurs for its transmission to you.—If it tends to your amusement, or, in any degree, to the satisfaction of your curiosity, *tant mieux*: but be that as it may, it will give me the opportunity of saying—How do you do? God bless you! as well as offering my sincere regards and kind remembrances to our common friends.

Adieu, &c. &c.

W. W.

(*To be continued*)

We are all apt to judge of ourselves and others, by the standard which is highest in our own estimation, whether it be reason or revelation.

From the New-York Gazette.

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REMARKABLE

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Communicated by Dr. MITCHILL of this City.

THE pieces of goods prepared by the American Tartars, and presented to Dr. MITCHILL by Capt. RICHARD WHILEY, late of the U. S. Army, are full of instruction.

They consist wholly of animal materials, and do not contain a single vegetable thread or filament. They are worked with curious art; and the ability displayed both in the design and in the execution, are admirable. They were received by that distinguished officer, while he held the military command at Michillimakinak, as an offering of friendship on the part of an aged and venerable Chief from the remote regions of the North West; with an intimation at the time, that they were gifts of extraordinary value.

Their Tartar origin is evinced by the fabrics themselves, and by the scenes they intended to represent.

The principal article, is a tawed or soft-dressed skin, probably of the Wapite Deer, of about three feet square, or of an extent almost sufficient to cover a common breakfast table. The color is a dark brown. The consistence of the leather pliable and uniform throughout.

One of its sides is embroidered with an interesting scene, wherein the hunters are exhibited as returning to the village after a successful chase. The embroidery is performed with flexible slips of Porcupine quills instead of thread. The stiching is so nicely done, that the skin is not punctured through in a single instance; the needle, as in skilful taylori:g, only passing deep enough in the leather to secure the work. The dyes, especially the blue, yellow and red, surpass every thing that our most able chemists and manufacturers, can extract from the vegetables of the forest.

It was probably intended for a mantle or ornamental covering for the shoulders; all gentlemen however, of a classical taste, are reminded by it, of the Shield of Achilles as described by Homer.

In the middle are two quadrupeds, apparently beasts of prey. From their long tails, it may be conjectured they are Conguars, and that the Hunt which is celebrated, is that of the American Panther. They are encompassed by a ring, as if that circumscribed space was allotted for their confinement if alive, or for their deposit if dead.

At the distance of an inch and more from this circle, there is a square of ten inches on each side, denoting the common area, or space assigned for general convenience in the centre of the village.

Opposite the four sides of this square, there are four circles of about four inches diameter, and opposite the four angles of the same, four more, representing the habitations of the tribe, constructed around the central area; and, after the manner of the Tartars, the houses or wigwams are circular, and not square. Around these huts or dwellings there are figures of human beings; showing that the inhabitants were briskly stirring about. Within them are forms of flowers, birds, and various other objects; illustrating, in all probability, some matters connected with their furniture, dress and cookery.

The whole village is surrounded by a work of two feet square, securing and inclosing it completely. On the outside of it, by way of border, is represented a grand dance. On two of the sides are embroidered nine men each, making eighteen; and on the opposite two sides five men each, making ten. So that the dance is performed by twenty eight persons, connected hand to hand, and extending round the whole contour of the margin. This expression of festivity and joy seems to occupy the part of the male inhabitants, that are capable of partaking the adventures of the forest.

This is picture-writing, advancing towards the hieroglyphic. It marks an era in society of these people, and it designates with singular exactness the progress of the mind in invention, and of the hand in dexterity.

There is nothing, perhaps, in the celebrated paintings of Mexico, more worthy of philosophical and historical research, than this and similar fabrics of the Indigines.

The Mexican paintings were executed upon cloth, and were symbolical. The Assiniboin embroidery is done upon leather, and is imitative. The former is derived from the Austral-asians; the latter from the Hyperboreans. The more cultivated Malays, who peopled the southern parts of North America, formed the famous records discovered in New Spain The ruder Tartars, who migrated to the northern regions of the same continent, are the authors of the fabrics, not less curious, but in a totally different style, now under consideration.

American Antiquaries have an extensive and fertile field to cultivate, and it is pleasing to find so many men of talents occupied in the productive labor.

THE GARDEN OF WEDLOCK;

Addressed to a Young Lady, on the point of Marriage

From the Boston Intelligencer.

HAVING heard that you are shortly to be placed in an inclosed Garden, and knowing that you are an entire stranger to the place, permit me, as a friend, to give you an account of it, for I have travelled through every part, and know every intricate path and corner belonging to it; nay more, I am acquainted with every kind of production this Garden can possibly yield: my information can do you no harm, but perhaps may be useful to you: There is but one entrance into this Inclosure, and it may be needless to inform you that such entrance is in general expected to be *gay* and *glittering*, strewed with Flowers of every hue and Fragrance; and, in short, decorated with every beauty that art or imagination can invent. You will perhaps fondly hope that this scene of rapture will have no diminution; or at

least, that this beautiful path will *to you* always appear the same; but be not deceived, for to some even the entrance proves of short duration, and will to you appear different in the retrospect.

Let me here caution you my dear Friend, against dreaming of perfect or permanent bliss; for experience will teach you that it never existed upon earth, but in vision or visionary heads, and you will I hope, meet with many productions in this Garden which are both charming to the eye, and pleasing to the taste; but they are not all so.—Let me exhort you to carry with you into this place one of the most delicate flowers of all nature, I mean *Good Humour;* and do not change or lose it, as many do, as soon as they enter, and seldom or ever find it again, for it is a treasure nothing can supply the want of.

When you have got to the end of the first walk, which continues for about thirty steps, and is commonly called the Honey-moon path, the Garden will open into a variety of views; therefore let me here caution you against some of the productions which you may meet with that are nauseous, noxious and very fatal in their tendency to the unwary and ignorant. Here is a small low plant that may be seen in almost every path, by name *Indifference*, though not perceived at the entrance, you may always know when you are near this plant by a certain coldness in the air which surrounds it, contrary to all other plants. This grows in cold, and dies in the warmth, therefore, whenever you perceive this alteration in the air change your situation as soon as you can.

In the same path is often found that ugly yellow flower called *Jealousy*, which I wish you never to look at, for it has a strange quality of tinging the eye that beholds it with a contingency it seldom gets rid of. As you go on you will meet with many crooked paths, but my advice, as a friend, is, never to attempt entering them; for although, at the entrance of each there is wrote in large letters *in the right*; yet when you come to the end of nine out of ten, you will find the true name, *Perverseness*; and that you have entered a wrong path, though you may be unwilling to acknowledge it. This occasions endless disputes and renders it difficult to distinguish the right end of the path, and is a source of perpetual difference, and sometimes a final separation in the Garden. Near this spot may be found a knotty plant called *Obstinacy* which bears a hard bitter fruit that never digests, but injures the constitution and becomes fatal when partook of in large quantities. Turn from it, avoid it as you would a Serpent. Just opposite grows the low and lovely shrub of *Compliance*, which though not pleasant to the palate is salutary, and when digested, sweet; it digests very easily and produces the most delicious fruit in the Garden, and I wish you never to be without a sprig of it in your hand, for it will be often wanted as you go along. In all parts of the Garden may be found a useful plant called *Economy*; it is of a thriving quality, take a good stock of it as you go in, it adorns and enriches at the same time. Many entirely overlook, some despise it, and others think they shall never want it. It is generally forgot in the pleasures and pursuits which attend the entrance into this garden: but the total want of it is commonly paid for with repentance, and allow me to intimate, that unless both parties partake of it, it will answer no good end to either: my advice is to carry some with you in the garden, though it may probably be lost on your way thither, but none is so useful as that you will find there, it being of a different quality. Endeavour therefore to obtain as soon as possible, after you enter, a sufficient quantity for yourself and partner.

You will observe as you pass along, two or three paths which run in one another and deserve you attention, I mean those of *Regularity*, *Exactness* and *Neatness*; these I recommend you to walk in, and not think as many do, that when you have once entered the Garden you may be careless of your person and dress.

Remember your companion may see

many that are not so, and the difference may take his attention, if not offend, therefore let me advise you to enter these paths with all expedition and continue to walk therein. Near them is to be found that valuable shrub *Humility*; this though of no use by itself, yet when joined to other good qualities is worth all of them put together; it is never seen without admiration; and is most amiable when most visible. Its virtues are said to be its own reward; and I am sure *Pride*, is obnoxious both to God and Man; therefore fly from it as from the face of an enemy, and cultivate that valuable shrub before mentioned, as the best antidote against the poisonous weed.

Allow me my dear friend, before I conclude, to drop a hint on the subject of cultivation, as that will most probably, sooner or later, be your employ; should you be intrusted with the rearing of a *Flower*, remember two things; first, that it is but a flower, however fair; that it is frail in its nature, and will fade at every blast; secondly, that it is given you in trust, and that you are accountable for the culture of it to the Great Owner of the Garden. It will demand all your care, and will attract all your attention. Should you be witness to a blush on its dawning beauties, O, how your fond heart will bleed with tenderness, affection, and sympathy: your feelings may be conceived but they will be indiscribable. The young shoot will insensibly twine around the fibre of your frame; should it live and thrive, spare no pains to teach the young production how to rise; weed it, water it, and prune it; all will be needful; without this many baneful weeds will grow up with it, and poison the very soil in which it grows. Remember, I say, this is a trust for which both of you are accountable to him who gives it.

MARIA.

Conscience doth not distress the mind, for the deficiencies or mistakes of reason; but only for the deviations of the will, from that which the mind apprehends to be right.

WASHINGTON.

THE character of this great man, the anniversary of whose birth has lately been celebrated throughout the United States, could not be better drawn than it was by that great Orator and Statesman, who has recently followed the Father of his country to the silent tomb. —This character should be constantly held up before the People of this country—it should be engraven upon every edifice, and impressed upon every mind. Let the rulers of these United States imitate the example here before them, and it will be well for them, and well for their country.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Extract from the Hon. Gouverneur Morris's Oration on the Death of Washington.

"Born to high destinies, he was fashioned for them by the hand of nature. His form was noble—his port majestic. On his front were enthroned the virtues which exalt, and those which adorn the human character. So dignified his deportment, no man could approach him but with respect—None was great in his presence.

"He had *every* title to command—Heaven, in giving him the higher qualities of the soul, had given also the tumultuous passions which accompany greatness, and frequently tarnish its lustre.—With them was his first contest, and his first victory was over himself. So great the empire he had there acquired, that calmness of manner and of conduct distinguished him through life. Yet, those who have seen him strongly moved, will bear witness that his wrath was terrible; they have seen boiling in his bosom, passion almost too mighty for man; yet, when just burning into action, that strong passion was controuled by his stronger mind.

"Having thus a perfect command of himself, he could rely on the full exertion of his powers, in whatever direction he might order them to act. He was therefore clear, decided, and unembarrassed by any consideration of himself. Such consideration did not

even dare to intrude on his reflections.—Hence it was, that he beheld not only the affairs that were passing around him, but those also in which he was personally engaged, with the coolness of an unconcerned spectator. They were to him as events historically recorded. His judgment was always clear, because his mind was pure.

"So modest, he wished not to attract attention, but observed in silence, and saw deep into the human heart. Of a thousand propositions, he knew to distinguish the best; and to select among a thousand the man most fitted for his purpose. If ever he was deceived in his choice, it was by circumstances of social feeling which did honour to his heart.

"In him were the courage of a soldier, the intrepidity of a chief, the fortitude of a hero. He had given to the impulsions of bravery all the calmness of his character, and if, in the moment of danger, his manner was distinguishable from that of common life, it was by superior ease and grace.

"To each desire he had taught the lessons of moderation. Prudence became therefore the companion of his life. Never in the public, never in the private hour did she abandon him even for a moment. And if, in the small circle, where he might safely think loud, she should have slumbered amid convivial joy, his quick sense of what was just, and decent, and fit, stood ever ready to awaken her at the slightest alarm.

"Let envy come forward if she dare, and seek some darkened spot in this sun of our glory. From a black catalogue of crimes envy herself must speak him free. Had he (a mortal) the failings attached to man? Was he the slave of avarice? No. Wealth was an object too mean for his regard. And yet economy presided over his domestic concerns; for his mind was too lofty to brook dependence. Was he ambitious? No. His spirit soared beyond ambition's reach. He saw a crown high above all human grandeur. He sought, he gained, and wore *that* crown. But he had indeed one frailty—the weakness of great minds. He was fond of fame, and had reared a colossal reputation. It stood on the rock of his virtue. This was dear to his heart. There was but one thing dearer. He loved glory, but still more he loved his country. That was the master passion, and, with resistless might, it ruled his every thought, and word, and deed.

"KNOWNEDGE IS POWER."

THERE are few observations more concise or more correct than those of Lord Bacon, which I have chosen for a motto. A man who is possessed of Education, though not naturally strong, is yet much more powerful than the strongest man without it. The man of Education has resources within himself which give him pleasure, which it is not in the power of any one to deprive him of, and which never fail him, except indeed when reason loses her benign influence over his mind. When we cast our eyes over the wide extent of the universe, or view the more contracted sphere of our own neighbourhoods, how vast is the number of those who, without they are engaged in all the varieties of life, feel a vacuum in their existence, which gives them unceasing disquietude. Engaged in a constant routine of dissipation, they think but little of improving their minds with any thing lasting or substantial, but when deprived by sickness or partaking in the follies to which they are accustomed, remote from the din of mirth and festivity,—in what a pitiable condition do we behold them; languishing without any source from which they can derive either pleasure or relief. A constant state of torpor seems to benumb their faculties, and render sickness more irksome than it would be were they possessed of the means of mental recreation.

The education of their children is one of the most important duties of parents, on it depends the future happiness or misery of their offspring. If they neglect it, they have to charge themselves with all the crimes which their children

may commit.—But if on the contrary they endeavour by every means in their power to unfold their infant minds by the genial warmth of Education, they will perhaps have the inexpressible happiness of beholding them, when arrived at the age of maturity, shining bright among the galaxy of Philosophers, Poets, Painters, and Statesmen; ornaments to Society, and the pride and boast of their country.—*Philadelphia Parterre.*

VARIETY.

MISERIES.

Gallanting some ladies on board the Steam-boat; conduct them into the cabin, and after going through all the tedious formalities of taking leave, ascend on deck, just in time to find the boat has started. Upon being called upon to pay your passage, find you have left your pocket-book at home,—no change, and no acquaintances on board except the ladies

Endeavouring to mount a sprightly horse, he won't stand; sidles off; follow through the mud on one foot, the other in the stirrup; ladies laughing in a window opposite;—boots just cleaned.

A very cold night; just feel comfortable in bed; a person knocks at the door; dress; walk down;—the gentleman has made a mistake in the house

Walk into a strange court to hear an interesting trial; seeing room in the bar, get on the seat with the criminals; do not discover your mistake until directed by the judge to stand up and receive your sentence; all eyes upon you.

Sitting down in a strange barber's shop, to be shaved—Lathered with strong yellow soap, the brush as large as a painter's. The barber, instead of using his fore-finger to lather the upper lip, sweeping away with his detestable brush over mouth and all, finally preventing the possibility of breathing, by completely filling up the orifices of your nostrils with the cursed soap-suds—To conclude the whole, upon opening your mouth to remonstrate with the filthy fellow, receiving the brush, and all its appurtenances, plump into it.

The conductor of one of our monthly journals once in a large company where the merits of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," was warmly discussed over a sober dozen or two of Champaingc, gave the following when called on for a toast:

"Champaigne for real friends,
Real pain for sham friends,
And Tom Paine for the devil."

It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man living has it in his power to say, that he can preserve his reputation, while there are so many evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character; and so many open ears ready to receive their reports.

The late Mr. Fennell, of the Philadelphia Theatre, when in very indigent circumstances, was presented, one inclement day, with a surtout by Mr. Waring, deceased, of the Theatre; Mr. Fennell immediately wrote the following lines with a lead pencil.

Dear sir, your surtout,
Is a a present to suit,
While fortune to me is so sparing—
It has been worn it is true,
But your friendship makes new,
What can ne'er lose its value from Waring

THE COMBAT,

OR, BLACK, WHITE, AND RED.

A chimney-sweep and baker went to fight,
The baker beat the chimney-sweeper white:
The chimney sweep, tho' laid upon his back,
Took wind, and quickly beat the baker black.
In came a brickdust-man, with porter fed,
And beat both chimney-sweep and baker red.
Thus red, black, white, in clouds together lay,
And none could tell which party had the day.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, sweet power! whose fire divine,
Our souls unite, exalt, and bless,
I kneel before thy sacred shrine,
And with this verse thine altar dress.

Through boundless nature's various plan,
Thy spreading charms diffus'd we see,
From insect atoms—up to man,
And heaven were joyless but for thee.

Thou fair! whose fiat shapes my doom,
What's love without this soft'ning power?
A fire that kindles to consume,
A savage! conquering to devour.

First love should fix the welcome chain,
Then calmer friendship claim its turn,
For rapture long intense is pain;
But souls should *glow* that cease to *burn*.

CHARLES.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

HAST thou beheld an op'ning flower,
In beauty blossom for an hour,
And saw it wither'd lie;
Then thou hast seen how beauty flies,
The rosy cheek and sparkling eyes,
And blooming, fade and die.

And hast thou heard the trump of fame,
Emblazon forth some signal name,
High on the glitt'ring roll;
Its empty sound dies on the wind,
Nor aught intrinsic leaves behind,
To soothe the troubled soul.

And hast thou known how fortune's weal,
May blackest, foulest crimes conceal,
Amid her boasted joys;
But all the glitt'ring scenes of wealth,
When time has pluck'd the rose of health,
Shall prove but empty toys.

But thou hast felt religion's power,
To cheer thee in the gloomy hour,
When fortune smiles no more;
This can the trembling soul elate,
Amid the black'ning frowns of fate,
And give it wings to soar,

PHILECIUS.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

SALEM AND ALCANZA.

AFAR from my home, a poor pilgrim and stranger,
I wander the mountains and wild woods among:
Where the Wolf's dismal howl often warns me of danger,
And night's dreary bird wakes its ill-boding song.

No more shall I hear the sweet voice of Alcanza!
She plys her soft lute on a far-distant shore,
Ah well I remember the heart melting stanza!
Poor Salem has heard—but shall hear it no more!

Too well I remember the myrtle wove bower,
Where I told in her ear the sad tale of my love;
While the Bee softly hum'd on the dew-spangled flower,
And the wild bird awoke his sweet song in the grove;

But now on the cold rock beneath the lone willow,
I make my hard bed in a widerness drear;
Where the panther's wild scream makes me start from my pillow,
And the owlet sits moaning in solitude near.

Along the lone valley when day is declining,
'Midst deep gloomy thickets of cypress I roam;
Or on the green moss by a fountain reclining,
Far distant—I sigh for my dear native home.

Now on the smooth beach by the side of the river,
I'll carve the dear name of Alcanza no more:
But the dark wave shall murmur forever and ever,
Where the bones of poor Salem lie bleach'd on the shore.

Oh! bear ye soft winds to her valley of roses—
Bear my last sigh o'er the ocean's green wave;
Tell her the spot where poor Salem reposes,
When the owl and the bittern shall cry by his grave.

Alas when this life's bitter journey is over,
No kind grave shall shelter my body from ill;
But summer shall weave me a green velvet cover,
And Salem's last bed shall be peaceful and still!

From the Aberdeen Journal.

ON SEEING, IN A LIST OF NEW MUSIC,

"THE WATERLOO WALTZ."

BY A LADY.

A moment pause, ye British Fair!
While pleasure's phantom ye pursue;
And say, if dance or sprightly air
Suit with the name of Waterloo.
Glorious was the victory!
Chasten'd should the triumph be!
'Midst the laurels she has won,
Britain weeps for many a son.

Veil'd in clouds, the morning rose;
Nature seem'd to mourn the day
Which consign'd before its close,
Thousands to their kindred clay.
How unfit for courtly ball,
Or the giddy festival,
Was the grim and ghastly view,
'Ere evening closed on Waterloo!

See the Highland warrior rushing—
First in danger—on the foe;
Till the life blood, warmly gushing,
Lays the plaided hero low.
His native pipe's accustomed sound,
—Mid wars' infernal concert drown'd—
Cannot soothe his last adieu,
Or wake his sleep on Waterloo.

Crashing o'er the *Cuirassier*,
See the foaming charger flying;
Trampling, in his wild career,
All alike—the dead and dying.
See the bullets, through his side,
Answer'd by the spouting tide:
Helmet, Horse, and rider too,
Roll on bloody Waterloo.

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,
Or wake the enlivening notes of mirth?
Oh! shiver'd be the recreant lyre
That gave the base idea birth!
Other sounds, I ween were there,
Other *music* rent the air,
Other *waltz* the warriors knew,
When they *clos'd* at Waterloo.

Forbear! till time, with lenient hand,
Has heal'd the pang of *recent* sorrow;
And let the picture *distant* stand,
The soft'ning hue of years to borrow.
When *our* race has pass'd away,
Hands unborn may wake the lay;
And give to joy *alone* the view
Of Britain's fame—at Waterloo.

MUSIC.

The rudest savage of the rudest clime,
In some wild measure, and discordant rhyme,
Provokes the mad'ning dance, or warrior throng;
And rules mens passions by the charm of Song.
The lowliest peasant who prepares the soil,
With cheerful ditty, half beguiles his toil,
And labour done around his evening blaze,
Recounts, in song, the deeds of former days;
So on the deck, the sturdy seaman takes
His patient watch, and spite of nature, wakes,
And as the darkling waves around him swell,
The Helmsman chaunts the cheering sound,
"ALL's WELL!"

A REFLECTION.

I've seen the dark ship proudly braving,
With high sail set—and streamers waving,
The tempest roar and battle pride;
I've seen those floating streamers shrinking,
The high sail rent—the proud ship sinking,
Beneath the ocean tide:
And heard the seaman farewell sighing,
His body on the dark sea lying—
His death prayer to the wind!
But sadder sight the eye can know,
Than proud bark lost and seaman's wo—
Or battle-fire and tempest cloud—
Or prey birds shriek and ocean's shroud—
The Shipwreck of the Mind.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1817.

Intelligence.

The following very interesting article, is taken from the Christian Observer, of September, 1816.—"Messrs. Wright & Son, surgeon-aurists of Bristol, (Eng.) *have succeeded in restoring the faculty of hearing to several persons born totally deaf and dumb.* These persons having now acquired the possession of distinguishing sounds, are daily improving in the power of conversing. These gentlemen intend to receive a limited number of persons of respectability labouring under these infirmities, into an establishment in the neighborhood of that healthy situation, Clifton."

South American affairs.—Capt. Tuck, of the Globe, from Port-au-Prince, which he left the 8th March, has forwarded a memoranda, stating that a sloop from Barcelona arrived at Port-au-Prince, on the 4th March, from Jacmel, with intelligence, that the Patriot army under Bolivar, and the Royal army under Morilla had had, (from the 15th to the 18th Feb.) several bloody conflicts near Barcelona; that Bollivar ultimately triumphed, having killed, &c nearly all the royal troops; and that the independence of that part of South America would be secured.

THE MURDER OF MISS HAMILTON.

Extract of a letter from the rev. Dr. BLATCHFORD, of Lansingburg, to his sons in this city, giving a circumstantial disclosure of the facts in relation to this unhappy and awful event.

Lansingburg, March 26, 1817.

"I presume you have heard that Thomas Lent, of the borough about six miles above Waterford, has been committed to jail as one of the murderers of Miss Hamilton.—He was engaged in this guilty business with another, of the name of Sickler, a native of the same town. Lent has confessed all the particulars, to which he has subjoined his signature. They are briefly as follows: Lent and Sickler had enlisted in the army, from which they deserted and returned home; but being pursued, they to prevent being taken, determined to go to New-York. Sickler resolved to violate the chastity of the first female he should conveniently meet. They met Miss Hamilton in Athens, near her father's house. Sickler seized her with one hand round the waist, and with the other pressed upon her mouth. Lent took her by the legs. They carried her about a quarter of a mile up to the fatal bridge. There Sickler committed the rape; and (as Lent says) on account of her strugglings and agonized resistance, Sickler asked Lent for his club, with which Sickler broke in her scull, and having robbed her of her gold ear-rings, threw the body into the creek. They both ran and reached a barn about two miles below Catskill, where they slept that night. In the morning they got on board a Troy sloop, arrived soon after in New-York, tarried there a day or two, and then returned on the west side of the river; stopped near Catskill, hired themselves out for a month, stole two horses, were overtaken, and committed to Catskill jail for the theft; broke jail and returned to the borough. After some time Sickler went to the westward, where he has resided nearly ever since, in the county of Cayuga.—But the eye of God is upon the wanderings of the murderer, and he often takes from him the common prudence of the human mind.——It was so in this case. Sickler had given frequent hints, (obscurely indeed) that he and Lent had perpetrated the crime in question, but these hints were not regarded as any thing more than the vain boastings of abandoned villany. At last, however, the thing was brought to light.—Lent's wife was found by her husband reading; he asked her what; she said the bible; he snatched it from her, swearing bitterly, and threw it into the fire;—she got it out again, and a quarrel ensued, in which he threatened her

life, and told her he had killed one woman already, and would kill her. Her sister's husband, Isaac Armstrong, came in at this time, and heard the words. He mentioned them at a Mr. Trip's, at whose house Sickler had been brought up, and where he had boasted of the crime. This brought to their recollection what they had heard Sickler say in Lent's presence, and mentioned it to Isaac Armstrong. He came down to Waterford, and told it to Mr. Franklin Livingston, the deputy Sheriff, who went up and took Lent at his own risk; summoned the witness; and after several examinations, Lent confessed the whole. Mr. Livingston, empowered by the Recorder of Albany and the Lieutenant Governor, sat off in pursuit of Sickler last week, and I hope by this time has got in safe custody the other monster."

Recent accounts from Albany, state, that Lent, who committed the above named murder, had been arrested in the western parts of this state, and now, with his companion, is lying in irons in Albany jail.

SOMERSET, (*Penn.*) *March* 20.—It becomes our painful duty to record the circumstances of a ost mmelancholy occurrence, which took place at the house of Henry Heiple, Inn-keeper, about half a mile east of this place, on Wednesday night the 12th inst. Reuben Long, a native of Southampton township, in this county, a blacksmith by trade, had for some time past been ill of a fever, at Mr. Heiple's house, where he had been an inmate. About twelve o'clock of that night, he complained that he was dry; Mr. H. attended in the room, and poured him out some tea, which stood on the stove in the room; when Mr. H. told him he had some tea ready for him, he turned himself round in the bed towards Mr. H. and smiled, and again resumed his former posture in the bed, Mr. H. standing with his back to the stove, and facing the bed. Long then in a moment sprang from the bed, and struck Mr. Heiple a violent blow, immediately below his right breast.—Mr. H. was some moments recovering from the shock, when he discovered that Long was stabbing himself with a penknife, which he did by piercing himself just below the pit of the stomach, and cutting from thence downwards right and left from the same point, until his bowels came out—another young man who then entered the room and laid hold of him, received a stab, but the thickness of his cloaths prevented its entering his body. Mr. H. by this time discovered from the flowing of blood, that he himself was stabbed in the breast.

Long expired on Friday last, and was buried on Saturday near town.—James Johnstone, Esq. the coroner of the county, held an inquest on the body, who, after due examination, returned a verdict of suicide, during a fit of insanity.

It is yet doubtful whether Mr. Heiple will recover.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CARDENIO" and "SOL. SNEER," are received and will appear next week.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. Henry Mactier, of the house of Stevens and Mactier, to Miss Eliza Lawrence, daughter of Augustine H. Lawrence, esq.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Jared W. Bell, printer, formerly of Saratoga county, to Mrs. Fanny Barber, of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 47 persons in this city during the week ending on 29th ult.

DIED.

After a long and painful illness, Mr. Gedney Ward, aged 25.

Mr. Patrick Gilmartin, teacher, aged 27.

Dr. Peter Peterson, aged 64.

Mrs. Jane Mott, wife of Capt. John Mott.

Mr. Gilbert G. Dean, aged 40.

Mr. John Hinton.

Mr. James I. Myers, aged 62.

After a long and painful illness, John Van Sice, jun. aged 28.

Mr. William Beaty.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Answer to Lavinia's Charade in our last.

To *Marry*, is what all aspire,
And, perhaps what you desire;
But to the captive proves a foe,
For all its joys he must forego,
So then if you omit the *y*,
And for it substitute an *i*,
And add an *age*, a hundred years,
Lo! *Marr-i age*, blissful name, appears,
And tho' a state I ne'er may know,
Still it can never prove a foe:
May you some fair Lucilla prove,
The object of a Cœlebs' love;
Or a Livinia gleaning, find
Some Palemon of gen'rous mind,
Who'll prove affectionate and kind,
P*******s.

Answered also by 'E——,' and 'Siffrid.'

Answer to C. S. W's Charade in our last.

A part of a weapon for sport or for war, is your *first*,
Or a something constructed the ancle or neck to embrace,
Your *second* is envied by many, by multitudes curst,
Your whole is a neutro generical part of the dress.

CHARLES.

Another to the same.

A *Stock* the unfinished ship doth bear;
And *ing* is found in singing,
There's very few who do not wear
That useful thing—a *Stocking*.

E——.

CHARADE.

I am of service to all though I'm pointed and sharp,
I've a head, but one eye, and not even a heart,
Though my substance is hard yet I'm delicate too,
And will break if used roughly by any of you,
Yet I often do bend to a ladies fair hand,
And am larger, or smaller, as you may command,
That I'm priz'd by most ladies is certainly true,
Still the gentlemen often make use of me too:
I have truly been prov'd as the mariner's friend,
And I'm ready for any who wishes to mend;
In short I'm of use both by sea and on land,
Yet the fair oft accuse me of wounding their hand,
Not thinking how willing I lend them my aid,
In making a dress for the ball or parade;
With their guide I often draw near to their heart,
And could I but see 'twould pleasure impart.

EMMELINE.

Another.

My first a sable curtain makes,
And hides all nature's breast,
My second oft appears at stakes,
My whole denies us peaceful rest.

WILHELMINA.

OUR CLIMATE.

Nothing is so changeful and capricious as our Climate, except an experienced Coquette—She seems to have no settled rules to regulate her conduct; but at one moment beams with smiles, at another is clouded with frowns, now all life, all joy, all warmth, and sunshine; the next hour, is as cold as the icicle that hangs on Diana's temple. One moment, while her adorer is melting into raptures, and "ripening into" happiness under the beam of her eye, the next moment a frost comes "to nip the bud" of his hopes. No one can anticipate in one moment what she will be in the next—all is irregular and shifting—nothing certain, but the uncertainty of her humours.

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